of the five lún, while the Shang Ti Kung stands for the unity of all of Chichou.

The fifteen minute walk from the train station in Hsulin to the village of Hsiachichou takes one through the main business street of the market town. Here under the arcades which edge the street are a variety of small stores and shops which cater to the material and spiritual needs of the surrounding villages. There is a small shop selling ice and a variety of cold drinks, a western style drug store advertising everything from aspirin to penicillin, next door to this a traditional Chinese drug store famous for its cures for consumption, the tiny office of a local doctor trained in Japan, a dry goods store specializing in ready made western clothing, a tailor who scorns western clothing, a coffin shop sweet with the cool smell of camphor, a small two story hotel which also functions as a brothel, several food stores pungent with the odors of garlic and salted cabbage, a photography shop displaying pictures of Japanese and American movie stars, a pool hall where young village men come to play billiards at night, a variety store selling mostly children's copybooks and writing materials, a dusty mill full of sacks of grain, two family shops making noodles for local restaurants, a fortune teller's stall run by a man disabled in the Second World War, a three or four room hospital which serves as a prison for the violently insane, and at the end of the street a Tu Ti Kung Temple supported by the local businessmen and their families. To know this street is to know a great deal about the life of the local population.

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien
Taiwan AD6



and gaudy magazines. There is often an itinerant peddler or two during the afternoons, keeping up a steady stream of jokes and praise for his merchandise that would win approval from any sideshow barker. And evenings, particularly the warm, humid evenings of summer when houses are empty and life moves to the doorsteps and walkways, there are elaborate traveling medicine shows with magicians, or acrobats, or strongmen, or even modest operas. On those nights it is difficult to pass through the crowds, and the foreigner's white face isn't half as interesting as the antics going on under the bare electric light bulb that serves as the peddler's spotlight.

The remainder of the trip to Peihotien is on foot. There are always a few pedi-cabs by the station, but one ride in an aged pedi-cab down a rutted country path is sufficient to discourage a second. The walk across Tapu down its main street shouldn't take more than two or three minutes but it usually took me much longer. One side of the street is a roofed colonnade, protecting the shopper from the heat of the sun and the drenching of the rains. Here are the more substantial merchants of Tapu, the men who don't rent rickety stalls or push-carts but own or lease stores with sleeping rooms above or in the back for their families. Although there is a Western-style pharmacy in Tapu, as gaudy and cluttered as any American drug store, the old-fashioned Chinese medicine shop still does a better business. My husband often stopped there to talk with the druggist, an intelligent man who enjoys conversation, while I admired the rows of dignified crockery containers unsullied by advertising. Even on the hottest days the dim interior is cool and exotically fragrant. Next door is something that might be called a housewares store. From the open front to the dark, dusty back, the ceiling is festooned with the merchant's wares—bunches of brass tea kettles looking like giant clusters of pale grapes, chains of shallow, disc-shaped frying pans, strings of short-handled rice-stalk brooms, and ropes of household brushes. Stacked from floor to ceiling are baskets for straining, baskets for carrying, baskets for drying, baskets for fishing, baskets for storing. A shaky tower of pointed bamboo hats that serve the farmer as both umbrella and sunshade perch on an old wooden counter. Hanging from rusty nails are a collection of razor-sharp cleavers that function in the Chinese kitchen both as paring knife and butcher knife; there are dishes, cheap and easily broken; there are small tin cooking stoves that on careful examination prove to be ingeniously constructed of flattened beer

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien
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cans salvaged from the garbage dumps of American military installations. In the next store a pall of dust hangs on everything. This is a small coal-kerosene-rice store, and the debris from the hand-operated rice polishing mill makes everything, even the black coal, a shade lighter. Toward the back there are baskets of charcoal and bundles of neatly cut twigs and branches, carefully graded and tied. Against the back wall are stacked bottles of wine and beer, their necks entwined with cheap handmade rope. The piquant, not quite fresh smell in the air comes from next door, the store we called the pickle shop for want of a better name. Huge jars of pickles—pickled cabbage, pickled raddishes, pickled eggplants, even pickled eggs—fill the front of the store, the more expensive delicacies displayed in glass jars, the more routine in heavy, waist-high earthenware crocks. Only a few are preserved in vinegar. Most are salted and allowed to season for several months, or dried in the hot, baking summer sun, or soaked in soy sauce, herbs, or wine. The unlighted rear of the store is brightened somewhat by the gaudy labels on a few shelves of canned foods. They are expensive, not as tasty as the local product, and often dangerous with age and contamination. Nearer the front are the precious tins of powdered milk, a mother's only solution to a dry breast in this damp climate where dairy cows quickly succumb to tuberculosis.

The heart of the town, or at least the source of the greatest commotion each forenoon, is the roofed food market. The market would be difficult to locate were it not for the overflow of shoppers and farmers. The entrance is little more than a narrow alley between two store-fronts, an alley made even narrower by the half dozen farmers squatting there amid their baskets of produce. These are men who can't afford to rent stalls under the protection of the roof or farmers who happen that day to have some surplus vegetables or a sudden shortage of cash. Just a few steps down the alley is the open market shed itself and what seems to be a disorganized profusion of produce heaped on trays, piled in baskets, spread on tables, or simply stacked on the bare packed earth: fresh onions, cucumbers, garlic, an infinite variety of melons and squash, eggplants, bamboo shoots, and occasionally fresh mushrooms brought in by some enterprising merchant with Taipei contacts. Scattered between and on top of the vegetables are bananas, papayas, pineapples, guavas, and a few precious apples imported from Japan. Adding a sinister note to the confusion of produce are the meatstalls with carcasses of pigs hanging on huge hooks,

3: Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 - Taiwan Hokkien
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great hunks of snowy fat (the poor man's meat), buckets of blood and entrails. The fish stalls, less gory and less colorful, abound with local river fish and a few ocean fish brought in on the early train, some swimming in buckets, others gutted but missing no eyes—a great delicacy, or tails—a matter of aesthetics. And everywhere there are chickens, ducks, geese, both live and dead. The smells to a foreign nose are sometimes exhilirating, sometimes appalling; the sounds are bewildering. The day's fowl quack, cluck, and honk their distress; above their protest the voices of customers and merchants rise and fall. The din of heated bargaining blends a variety of languages. The farmers speak either Hokkien or Hakka, the native Chinese dialects of the island; a few merchants and their friends converse in Japanese; policemen and soldiers prefer Mandarin, the official language.

Away from the uproar of the market, Tapu's streets seem relatively calm. The paved main street ends at the canal, an irrigation ditch civilized by concrete banks for its passage through town. In several places, steps that lead into the canal end in small platforms where the storekeepers' wives and daughters can do their laundry while keeping an eye on the store. There are more shops on both sides of the canal: a small bookstore, a tailor, a fabric and ready-made clothing store, a photographer, and a paper store that supplies school children with copy books and pencils, and adults with the paraphernalia of worship—metal wires dipped in incense and bundles of spirit money burned to provide for the deceased. One of my favorite shops is that of the *beidz*-maker who fills the air with a lively rhythmic chwing-chwing sound as he fluffs cotton into puffy battings for warm winter comforters. A little farther down the street a noodle-maker is usually at work. He suspends strips of dough between pegged poles which he gradually moves farther and farther apart as the noodles stretch and dry. Just beyond the noodle-maker is a small, paved square, formed where the canal goes underground. This is the site of a shrine dedicated to Tu Ti Kung, the lowest ranking god in the Chinese supernatural bureaucracy. Tu Ti Kung serves his celestial superiors as the official recorder of the activities of the living. In the country, he is the guardian of the land and the god of agriculture; in the town, he is considered a patron of business and a god of wealth. The responsibility for burning incense at his shrine each morning rotates among the families residing in his district.

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Peihotien



because they were afraid it was dangerous, but Old Tan wouldn't let them because he thinks it's his son."

The children have heard this story many times but it no more prevents them from spending long afternoons playing under the tree than the ghost in the pig pen prevents them from hiding there when their mothers are searching for them.

For the children, the women, and a good many of the men, the significant dimensions of the world are the thirty-five or forty brick buildings of Peihotien. With the dramatic increase in population on Taiwan, one corner of a neighboring village now lies just across a paddy field from Peihotien. Yet a woman in search of a moment's chat or a few slices of ginger would rather walk further, within the boundaries of Peihotien, than step across the paddy field to the nearby village. The children of the neighboring villages all go to the same school, but their after-school play groups are composed of village mates—even if they must fill out a team with underaged siblings. A farmer's small plots of land may be scattered among those of farmers from several villages, but in the evening when he is puzzling out a new directory from the Farmer's Association or worrying about the market prices, he does it with the men of Peihotien who may work fields a mile in the opposite direction from his own.

There are several places in the village where groups of adults may be found gossiping or working together at various times of the day. On warm summer evenings the men often fill their rice bowls and retire to the doorstep to eat and chat with a neighbor similarly occupied. A group of families usually share a well and hand pump, and two or three women are there at almost any hour washing out a few clothes not worth carrying all the way to the river, rinsing off a dirty child, or preparing vegetables for the evening meal. The women who live near the irrigation ditch that skirts one edge of the village often gather by the little bridge to clean out a clumsy kettle or rinse out some diapers. A concrete platform on one side of the bridge makes it a popular cooling-off place for children who do not dare go into the river and aren't allowed to play in the precious well water.

For adults the most frequent informal gatherings occur in the three shops of the village. Two of the shops are so small that it takes a practiced eye to identify them. On the square behind the house in which we lived, a family sells cigarettes, matches, a few candies, toilet paper, and similar small items. Here, probably because the family

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517 444 [883] includes some lively teen-agers, is where the older adolescents of the village gather. At the opposite end of the village in a shed that seems in imminent danger of blowing away is a candy store run by a woman with too many children to go out to work and too little money to stay home. The women who come to buy candy to quiet their crying children often sit down on the bench in front of the store to pass the time of day with Mrs. Lim, the proprietress.

444 [438] The main store and the one most easily identified as a store is located in the center of the village. The candy and cookie collection is more elaborate, and rice, cooking oil, fuel, spices, and a few other essentials can be obtained here at prices only slightly higher than in Tapu. For many years there was no store at all in Peihotien, but according to Ng Kok-hua, the proprietor, our landlord's older brother talked him into fitting out an unused storage wing of his house as a shop. Very little of Mr. Ng's present good fortune comes from the store, but he still keeps it 444 open and probably makes some profit from it. Unfortunately, the bane 426 of a village storekeeper is trying to refuse credit to his neighbors and, 521 when this inevitably fails, trying to collect what he is owed. Occasionally Mr. Ng loses his temper and curses his debtors loudly and publicly. This rarely adds to his income but it does entertain the loungers resting on his benches. One day when Mr. Ng was trying to collect a bad debt from a neighbor who is also a distant relative, I jotted down the highlights of the discussion. Mr. Ng's wife who tends the store most of the time and takes the brunt of her husband's temper was also there. Mr. Ng was saying angrily to his wife, "You think that everyone is of good heart and just give things to them."

Mrs. Ng, looking anxiously at her husband's rising color, answered, "Well, they said they would give me the money after they sold the pig. How could I know that they wouldn't give it to me?"

Mr. Ng gave his wife a look of utter scorn and, turning his attention to the hapless debtor, a Mrs. Lim, he continued, "You all come here and get things and don't give me any money, but when I go buy all these things I have to give money. How can I go along like this? I have to go and borrow money so that I can buy things for the store!"

Some of the on-lookers exchanged skeptical glances over this statement. Mr. Ng did not seem to notice and warmed to his subject. "How can I borrow money and then lend it to other people? That's what it amounts to. And that is no way to do business."

meat but the quantity eaten was not sufficient to meet the protein shortages previously described. However, consumption of to fu was higher than it would have been without his route because many purchases were made on impulse. Further, he often advised farmers with regard to the techniques of raising pigs as he was an acknowledged expert.

The many other different kinds of salesmen that came through the village were all tapped for gossip and information and they played an important part in the communication network. The salesmen who included Sanlei on a regular route usually lived in Hsin Tien or Taipei. Some called on the two village stores and others on villagers. They sold groceries, medicine bags, agricultural implements, cloth, etc. A more marginal group came through on a one-time basis. The latter were high-pressure types and villagers seldom had any further contact with them. Many of the salesmen were retired Mainland soldiers.

As an island, seafood is an important dietary item in Taiwan. Various kinds of seafood and fish soups are common items in Fukienese culinary arts. Fish, shrimp, sea slugs, octopus, and squid are all used, both fresh and dried. Yet, these items are not a daily part of any household's diet, appearing on the table about five or six times each month on the average.

Pork is the typical meat. However, even counting banquet meals, the average consumption of meat was less

# CHAPTER III

## THE ECONOMIC BASE

434 Economically, Sanlei Village is first of all a
621 farming community. Although there are other significant sources contributing to community income, a vast majority of the households earn all or a significant segment of their income from agricultural activities. Only five of the sixty-six households have no direct involvement in agriculture.

433 There are four commercially significant agricul-
438 tural products in the Sanlei area: rice, tea, oranges, and wood. Although a large portion of the rice and wood production is for family consumption within the village, the major share of the four products is produced for the market. The market is a primary external force impinging
[628] on village activities. To participate effectively in the market, villagers are forced to establish and maintain extra-village social relationships.

### Land and Land Tenure

423 All the land within the village boundaries of Sanlei has been classified and graded by the government. The

243 on the back. However, two features of the job are attrac-
462 tive to women if they are hired. That evening, they are entertained with dinner and do not have to help prepare dinner or clean up afterwards. Second, some women seemingly enjoy the discomfort to be observed in men watching women doing a man's job. The women who claimed this sentiment were all over forty, but younger ones smiled and giggled when this was repeated to a group.

243 Procedures after transplanting are similar to those described for the first crop: weeding, fertilizer, and insecticide but due to warmer weather seldom does it take more than 110 days from transplanting to harvest. More insecticide is needed because of the warmer weather. When the top of rice starts to bend with weight, the field is dried out in preparation for the next crop of vegetables. The second rice crop in Sanlei produces about as much as the first crop, occasionally more. This is rather unusual for Taiwan as a whole and is due to the fortunate abundance of water in Talei Li. Both crops are much larger than [433] earlier in history due to improved strains and technology but the total production is less in Talei Li than the general average for Taiwanese paddy fields because of the poor and shallow soil.

824 Rice straw from the second crop is bundled and sold
412 to brokers from Taipei who come out with carts although
438 women gather and save some of the rice straw to make

824 412 438 brooms. There are no permanent relations established with the city brokers; it is strictly a "price" sale.

437 [824] The rice is used to pay land taxes, to exchange for fertilizer, and for home consumption. Because of the size of the population and the limited area of paddy land, surprisingly little makes its way to the market for cash. Some is exchanged for farm labor at a discount over the rate it can be purchased in town to the benefit of the laborer who feels he gets more for his labor and of the farmer who saves by cutting out the middle man and avoiding transportation expenses. (Labor work groups and exchange labor are discussed more fully in Chapter VI.)

Tea

245 [177] Approximately ten years after the Japanese assumed control, tea was introduced into the Talei area from other parts of Northern Taiwan where it was previously well developed. By 1915, there were large harvests in Talei Li. [433] From its inception, tea has been a major cash crop produced for a national and international market. Tea can be grown on the rather steep slope land surrounding the village. All but the shallower slopes are improved by creating a series of steps for the tea plants. Rows of tea plants must be a yard apart, but because of the steepness of the slopes, most steps are only one or two yards wide and therefore, contain only one or two rows per terrace.

241 the necessary skill to make correct decisions takes con-
463 siderable time to acquire. One of the reasons for this is the fact that some problems appear rarely. The infrequency does not imply a lack of seriousness for the loss of a full crop only once every fifteen or twenty years is still a disaster. The infrequency of some kinds of problems does
241 delay the introduction of new crops. Moreover, this belief
463 that farming is a highly skilled trade inhibits the full
562 use of women. It is believed that women do not have sufficient time to learn all the skills because of their household responsibilities. Additionally, there are restrictions on male-female interaction and since an individual learns part of his farming skills by talking at length to other farmers, women are handicapped by the restrictions on communication with skilled farmers who are presently all males.

244 Sweet potatoes are important in the village, but
[231] were never grown for sale until recently. A small nearby dairy, one year old, keeps its cows inside a building and feeds them by hand. Sweet potato leaves are purchased from Sanlei villagers to supplement the hand-picked grass
[438] and commercial fodder. Four older men cultivate bamboo shoots, minor amounts of which go to the market in Hsin
443 Tien. Vegetables of various kinds are grown in the village although only a few are sold and those only through the